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THE NUR AF SHAN

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No. 43

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, November 21.

Advices from New York state that owing to widespread demands the premium on currency rose suddenly from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3, resulting in disorder on the Exchange market and causing renewed uneasiness.

Owing to the depression in trade crowds of aliens are leaving America to return to Europe, where they are able to live cheaper.

London, November 22.

The Times, in a leader, says that it is not improbable that the immediate cause of the strike in India is the desire to emulate in more dramatic fashion the recent railway movement in England.

It is premature, says the article, to express a definite opinion but there are certain considerations suggesting that the claims put forward may have some foundation, and there are numerous indications that the administrative system is not working very smoothly at present.

The conference of Spinners and Operatives at Oldham resulted in disagreement. The notices to ten thousand operatives expire on Saturday.

In the event of the prolongation of the strike the spinners will lock out other mills, throwing 150,000 hands idle.

Telegram from New York state that there was wild excitement in the cotton market prices, advancing 53 points on bullish crop estimates. At the close prices dropped ten to twenty points on profit-taking.

The correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, at St. Petersburg, telegraphs that the Government is about to appoint a committee to study the joining up of the Russian and Indian railways.

It is stated in Brussels that the disagreement between King Leopold and the Government regarding the taking over of the Congo State has been adjusted.

The Russian special correspondent who has been despatched to Karatagh confirms the report that ten thousand deaths occurred in the recent earthquake.

London, November 23.

A Daily Mail telegram says that one of the main interests of British policy in India is to remove such railway strikes from the sphere of possibility, otherwise a tremendous political application might one day be made of them.

It must be one of our fundamental maxims to keep a firm grip on the railways.

London, November 24.

The Berlin papers state that the Prince and Princess of Wales have accepted an invitation of the Kaiser to visit Germany during 1908.

London, November 23.

The conference at Manchester yesterday between Mr. Lloyd-George and representatives of the cotton industry lasted three hours.

There will be another conference to-day.

London, November 24.

Mr. Lloyd-George, after prolonged negotiations at Manchester yesterday, effected a temporary settlement of the cotton dispute.

The operatives have post-dated their notices a fortnight and the Board of Trade will take the opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown as to the interpretation of a clause in the previous agreement. Meanwhile the parties will discuss the merits of the question.

London, November 23.

The imports of gold into New York during the present crisis now total £1,500,000 dollars (sic).

London, November 24.

President Roosevelt has instructed his Ministers to warn their subordinates not to pursue the campaign for his re nomination.

London, November 23.

A strong French punitive expedition left Lallamaria at midnight against the Benisatoch tribe which has recently given trouble. Artillery firing was heard for many hours to-day.

An invasion of locusts has occurred in Argentina which threatens the crops, and losses are feared.

Reuter wires from Aden that cholera has broken out among the Indian pilgrims at Kamaran.

A case of plague is also reported at Port Said.

London, November 25.

Twenty-five of the Beninassen Tribesmen were killed and many wounded.

It is confirmed that Mulai Hafid's force was defeated southward of Magador, losing sixty-seven killed, thirty-five wounded, and two hundred rifles.

The loyalists' casualties were thirteen.

A Sherifian force has been sent by sea and has re-occupied Mazagan without opposition from Mulai Hafid. It was welcomed by the officials.

A trial of a number of cattle driving cases transferred from Galway and elsewhere began at Dublin to-day.

The Attorney-General said the Crown did not ask for severe punishment and only wanted to end this business.

Five men were convicted of unlawful assembly. Sentence was deferred.

The Salvation Army headquarters are arranging to raise £5,000 to buy grain for sale in starving India.

At the request of the Java Government the Salvation Army will take charge of the criminal Pauper and leper populations.

A Salvationist now in Argentina, who has contracted Leprosy, will proceed to Java to work among the Lepers.

The Berlin police have seized at the house of a Social Democrat who is a Municipal Councillor two pantechnicons filled with Russian revolutionary leaflets, a quantity of pistols, dum-dum cartridges and electric appliances for exploding mines, etc. The house was the resort of Russian Terrorists.

A telegram from Edinburgh states that Ayling, who was indicted for forgery recently, has been given ten years' imprisonment.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

NOTICE.

It is earnestly requested that all subscribers will pay their dues as soon as possible, sending their subscriptions to the
Rev. E. M. WHERRY, D. D.,
LUDHIANA,
PANJAB.

As announced last week, Dr. Wherry resumes his duties as editor and manager of the Nur Afshan on Dec. 1st.

As Advent season comes upon us, our hearts are filled with thoughts of the great event, the greatest event that ever took place in the world.

The following quaint poem will be appreciated by many of our readers:

THE GUESTS AT THE INN.

The Princess came to Bethlehem's Inn:

The Keeper he bowed low;

He sent his servants here and yon,

His maids ran to and fro.

They spread soft carpets for her feet,

Her bed with linen fine;

They heaped her board with savoury meals,

They brought rich fruits and wine.

The Chieftain came to Bethlehem's Inn,

With clash and clang of steel;

Into the wide court swift strode he,

And turned on armed heel.

"Room for your lord!" he cried aloud.

"He brooks no long delay!"

The Keeper and his servitors

Did his behests straightway.

The Merchant came to Bethlehem's Inn,

Across the desert far,

From Isapahan, and Samarcand,

And hoary Kandahar.

Rich Orient freight his camels bore:

The gates flew open wide,

As in he swept, with stately mien,

His long, slow train beside.

The Pilgrim came to Bethlehem's Inn:

Wayworn and old was he,

With beard unshorn and garments torn,

A piteous sight to see!

He found a corner dim and lone;

He ate his scanty fare;

Then laid his scrip and sandals by,

And said his evening prayer.

The Beggar came to Bethlehem's Inn:

They turned him not away;

Though men and maidens scoffed at him,

They bade the varlet stay.

"The dogs have room: then why not he?"

One to another said;

"Even dogs have earth to lie upon,

And piteous broken bread!"

Maid Mary fared to Bethlehem's Inn:

Dark was the night and cold,

And eerily the icy blast

Swept down across the wold.

She drew her dark brown mantle close,

Her wimple round her head.

"Oh, hasten on, my lord," she cried,

"For I am sore bestead!"

Maid Mary came to Bethlehem's Inn:

There was no room for her;

They brought her neither meat nor wine,

Nor fragrant oil, nor myrrh.

But where the horned oxen fed

Amid the sheaves of corn

One splendid star flamed out afar

When our Lord Christ was born!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

TEMPERANCE LESSON,

I COR. X. 23-33.

By S. D. GORDON.

The Corinth Church bristled with questions. This shows that they were alive, and strong, and earnest. Dead or sleeping people ask no questions. Weak people slip easily along with the crowd they prefer, with bothersome questions kept over on their deaf-ear side. But the earnest man insists on looking a question squarely in the face, and getting the right answer, and behaving accordingly. You can tell how near to the light a man is by his questions. If he has no light, or refuses the light, he asks no questions, but freely indulges what his appetite or desires call for. If clear light has come, and the man insists on walking in it, he asks no questions. Because to him questionable things are not questionable. They are reckoned wrong because questionable. On the border line between these two the air is fairly thick with questions. A man's position can easily be told by his attitude toward such things. If he is dallying, either he has not gotten full light, or else he is carefully hugging the shadows. If he is honest, he is searching for light, and quits dallying while searching. And good clear light is not far to find. It is just outside every shut eye. If he is hunting a shadowy place—!

A man's purpose decides all his questions. There is nothing

wrong in itself. But everything and anything can become demnably wrong. The wrong is in the wrong motive or purpose underneath, or the wrong relation roundabout an act. It is in the exaggeration or the excess. The question for a Christian man to ask about questionable things is not, is this right or wrong? That is a low level regarding questionable things. For if a thing is not clearly right there is no question to be raised; it is so far clearly wrong. The only question about questionable things is, is it best? or, would it please Jesus? There are a great many things that can be proved to be not-wrong, so far as all keen logic and measuring of arguments go. But they can't stand the test of use. You can't count men for action; you must weigh them. You can't answer a question by argument; you must take it into the sensitive atmosphere of Jesus' presence in your prayer-room. There you know quickly and surely the answer for you. All things are lawful, but all things are not best. The things that can be done by some may not be done by one who would ring true to Jesus.

Everybody must take a stand on certain matters. Idolatry was a common in Greece as drinking of alcoholics is in modern life. And being so comon it thouched everybody. Everybody had to declare himself about idolatry, and everybody did. Everybody has to take a stand about drinking, and everybody does. That question pushes in with shameless persistence at every point of the circle. The soda-water fountain that came into use so freely during the earlier prohibition campaigning as a temperance helper has been captured by the enemy, and now quite commonly includes some lighter alcoholics. If a bar-room or a whisky bottle seems vulgar to you, there's the drug-store and the patent medicine bottle. If you would hardly think of such stiff stuff as Scotch whisky, you can get a thin dilution of beer or wine with a low percentage of alcohol and a physician's remark about "food" and "nourishment." If it does not seem in good form for one in your class to be seen in a saloon, you can find a beautifully finished, leather-covered flask at some Christian merchant's counter, shaped to your pocket or your travelling bag. Even into the sacred atmosphere of the home the demon in warm colours has dared intrude. Men used to drink in a room set apart for the purpose. The home was quarantined to a degree. But now while that is lessened no whit, there is a continual procession of bottled goods passing through the groceries into the home, where the precious babes and boys and girls are breathing in the breath of life and future character. Even at the church banquet, when the ices are served, one approaches gingerly, for the printed name may give no clue, and some of the damnable stuff may lurk within appetising lump of frost. Every man must take a stand on drinking, and every man does. He can remain a tactful, well-bred gentleman, and yet take a flat-footed stand, with both feet down hard and full, heel to toe. And surely he should.

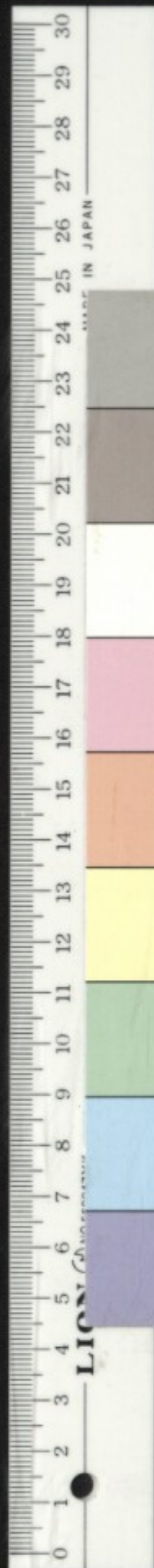
There are leading questions and lesser questions in every

phase of life. The settling of a leading question settles at once a whole batch of lesser questions. The liquor question is distinctly a leading question. If it be answered wrong a score of other questions are answered wrong too. *Drinking is sin's master-key.* It opens the door to every other sin. A man may be rigid about speaking the truth, have a high sense of honour and of honesty, the highest ideals of personal purity, and be reverent toward all hallowed things, but when an alcoholic drink passes the gateway of his lips he is in danger at every one of these points. He who would answer other questions right must answer this one right. He who slips here may not slip elsewhere, but all the chances are in favour of it. This is a question that is not a question. He who would ring true to Jesus, to his fellows, to himself, must answer this in every phase of it with a jaw-locked "no."

The law of love renders quick and sweeping decision here. Paul gives four simple laws to guide us in all questionable practices. They are all positive laws, not negative. The law of self-mastery excludes what will not "edify" or build up. The law of brotherliness seeks the other man's good. The law of pleasing God rules out whatever is not to His glory. The law of service plans how men "may be saved." Under all four of these is the one great simple law, the law of love. I do not mean mere self-control, or humanitarianism, or altruism, but what with fine poise includes all of these, and much more; that of which Paul speaks, "the love of God hath been shed abroad in our hearts through the Holy Spirit which was given unto us" (Rom. v. 5). Love dominant in the life shuts out whatever would injure the temple of the Spirit, whatever would hurt or not help a neighbour, whatever would not be positively pleasing to God.

BLIND UN HO, AN HONORED WORKER IN THE MASTER'S VINEYARD.

In the year 1893, a blind singing girl was led into the Canton Hospital by her mistress. By this mistress she was owned body and soul, and by her was sent nightly to a life of sin and shame. But a diseased foot brought her to the hospital. And now God was to use this lame foot to set this captive free—free in both body and soul. For her disease, amputation of the leg was the only treatment that would avail. But her mistress objected. She would be useless in her service. She preferred to have the girl die rather than to live with the hope of gain gone. Dr Niles, who was in charge of the women's department, says of this blind girl: "As to her spiritual nature a more unpromising case I had scarcely seen. She seemed benumbed, and for a time responded to no appeal. After long waiting she was induced to study a little. Kind treatment softened her heart. Gradually but slowly she yielded to the influences of the Spirit. She applied for baptism, but was put off be-



cause her mistress still claimed her. But the foot refused to heal. God had other plans for her. The mistress grew tired waiting, and finally deserted her. Again she applied for baptism and was accepted. Being freed from her mistress, the amputation could be performed. This was done in the spring of 1894, and she made a good recovery. The true light had entered her soul, but what an object for sympathy! She had been a singing girl. She was blind, and now with one leg! What could be more hopeless! Her former mistress now gone, she was on Dr Niles' hand. She was given work about the hospital. She scrubbed, washed, and cleaned windows. She called the patients to prayers and to church services. In this way she earned her rice. During her spare time she continued to study in Mrs Kerr's school. Here she made good progress. Before she left the hospital in 1897 she had memorised the whole of the New Testament with the exception of a few chapters in Revelation. And now we have to add one more to her long and heavy list of afflictions. In 1897 it was discovered that she was a leper. Now her list reads—Formerly a singing girl; now blind, one leg, and a leper. Could any more be added? Of what use could such a person be? Why allow her to live? Yet the Lord had need of her. Encouraged by the example of some workers in India, she was induced to go to the leper village to live, and there tell of the Saviour she had found. If we were to let the curtain fall now, all that we have would be a wonderfully sad life, full of suffering but saved from sin and cheered by the hope of a happy hereafter. This is something; but the curtain does not fall. Scarcely a year had passed before from the leper village comes the news, "Many have believed, and ask for baptism." Then it was that in 1898 a meeting was held at the entrance to the village. We had no room then. Out of the number of applicants, twenty were baptized, and together they partook of the Lord's Supper. Since then twenty others have been baptized. Nor is this all. The villages near by heard about the lepers receiving the Gospel, and many came to see what it was. They too heard and many believed. In all, not less than seventy persons have been baptized as a result of the work of this leper woman! And now we have our new chapel for our growing work.

Surely the name she took when she was baptized is significant—Un Ho, exchanged for the good, i.e., Put off the old and put on the new. The past been bad, now I have exchanged it for the good. And in this spirit she has gone about her work. The Lord has blessed her. It was for this work He prepared her, took her from a living hell, and made her His honoured servant. What an opportunity to say, "Lord, I cannot work, I am useless." Surely the Lord will excuse her. Was there ever a more tremendously handicapped life? Any one of her afflictions were enough to debar almost any one from great usefulness. What a burden she has to bear! Blind, one leg, and a leper, but withal an honoured worker in the Master's vineyard. What a lesson!

When the Master shall call her hence, and she shall cast off this diseased body, what a joy it will be to her to enter that rest that remaineth to the people of God; that home above where there is no more pain nor suffering, and where she will hear the welcome words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." And it will not be long before the summons comes. The leprosy is making rapid strides to set the imprisoned spirit free.

God bless Un Ho, and God bless the work she has begun.

CANTON, 11th July, 1902.

THE LIZARD.

I don't think I can do better than tell you something about a little friend of mine here, that occupies the same sitting-room with me, and sometimes make it a bit lively. It is not a baby, nor a cat, nor a dog, nor a monkey, though either of these would at times make it lively enough. It is only a little lizard, just like what you see here in the picture. I dare say, you would not care to have any of these creatures in the room with you, except perhaps in a cage. But if you were in India you couldn't help it. They just come to stay day and night, and don't ask your leave, and there may be half a-dozen of them there at a time. You see, in India we keep the doors and windows wide open all the day, and the windows, at least, at night also, so that almost anything that can jump or fly can easily come in if it likes.

But it really doesn't matter about our nimble little friends, the lizards, for they are quite harmless and prefer the walls to any other place to stay on; and, if there are any pictures hanging on the wall, they love to catch flies and spiders behind them, like a flash, he is round the two corners and within a couple of feet of his victim. But there he suddenly stops. The rush of him would startle the spider and his game would be up—so he stops, and now begins a policy of conning, quiet stealth. With his eyes fixed on his prey he gently moves a little bit forward, and then another little bit; crawling, crawling, slowly yet steadily forward until he reaches striking distance, and then, with a sudden dash and open mouth, he is on the unhappy creature, which waited just a second too long, and is now inside those cruel jaws.

Though the lizard has often to wait a good while for the arrival for his lunch or supper, as the case may be, there are times when his meals literally crowd upon him. In the monsoon or rainy season moths and large flies of various kinds, beetles of all sorts and sizes, with

many of the house-lizards, come lit, come lit, come lit, at home in the room. Of those lizards in the room, chasing until sunrise, retire before

A cat, its tail, from the two have both come, least one—'Dayb

Mr. following, condemn, made this, this, fatal, cherish, commit, plain, who, in, the, for, bench, this, before, Alr, before, saloons, drunk, I would, nity, traps, work, to-day, little, the, strong, and, ed, temp, my, pa, match

many other winged and unwinged creatures gather into the house, and especially at night, when the lamps are lit, come in through the windows and make themselves at home with you as you sit in your study or drawing-room. This is the lizard's harvest. Scores and scores of those insects will be on the walls at a time, and every lizard in the room will be out for the feast. Such a chasing and catching and gobbling then you never saw, until surfeit says enough, and the hunters reluctantly retire behind their pictures full to the muzzle.

A curious thing about the lizards is the delicacy of its tail. It is so easily disjointed that sometimes a fall from the ceiling will knock it off; and sometimes where two have a fight on the wall over a fly, and perhaps both come down thud on the floor, the result will be at least one stumpy lizard to return and a tail left behind. —'Daybreak.'

A MURDERER'S LAST MESSAGE.

Mr. Thomas Payne, evangelist, recently gave the following, during his mission in Luton, Beds.: "A man condemned for murdering his wife in the United States made the following declaration: 'I stand here before this bar convicted of the murder of my wife. I returned from one of my prolonged debauches, and fired the fatal shot which killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish, and protect. While I have no remembrance of committing the fearful deed, I have no right to complain or to condemn the verdict of the twelve good men who have acted as jury in this case, for their verdict is in accordance with the evidence. But may it please the court, I wish to show that I am not alone responsible for the murder of my wife. The judge on this bench, half the jury in the box, the lawyers within this bar, and most of the witnesses, are also guilty before Almighty God, and will have to stand with me before His Judgment Throne. If there had not been saloons in my town, I never would have become a drunkard, my wife would not have been murdered, and I would not be here now, ready to be hurled into eternity. Had it not been for these temptations and human traps, I would have been a sober man, an industrious workman, a tender father, and a loving husband. But to-day, my home is destroyed, my wife murdered, my little children—God bless and care for them—cast upon the mercy of the world, and I am to be hanged by the strong arm of the State. God knows I tried to reform, and prayed often for the strength to withstand the licensed temptation, but as long as the open saloon was in my pathway, my weak, diseased will-power was no match against the fearful appetite for drink.

FOR ONE YEAR I WAS A SOBER MAN.

For one year my wife and children were happy, and our little home a paradise. I was one of those who signed remonstrances against re-opening the saloons of our town. One-half of this jury, the prosecuting attorney on this case, and the judge who sits on this bench, all voted for the saloons. By their votes and influence saloons were re-opened, and they have made me what I am. I began my downward career at a saloon bar—licensed and protected by the voters of this town. Had it not been for license voters, the saloons, which have wrecked my life and destroyed my home, would not have existed. The saloons you have established have made me a drunkard and a murderer. Think you the Great Judge will hold me—the poor, weak victim of saloons—alone responsible for the murder of my wife? Nay! I in my drunken, frenzied, irresponsible condition have murdered one—but you have deliberately voted for the saloons which have murdered thousands, and they are in full operation to-day with your consent. That consent is a heinous sin. I stand here to-day a condemned murderer, only one sample in a million of the products of the license saloon vote. In this last message to my fellow-men, I entreat you, guilty sinners, to repent in sack-cloth and ashes. Go to the grave of my murdered wife, visit my ruined home, weep with my orphaned children, then come to the gallows and look upon my body when I am dead, and see what your whisky license voters have done. Let your own conscience condemn you as sinners, unfit to live, and God knows, unfit to die. You helped me to murder my wife and destroy my home."

How shall we find and keep that zeal for souls, which is so weak in its earth-born strength, but so mighty in CHRIST? Only if we are granted the gift of the HOLY SPIRIT. The first earnestness of youth may be little more than nature. When the difficulties have hardly been confronted, when the cost has hardly been counted, when nothing seems certain but that CHRIST must conquer all hearts, there is a zeal which is often very attractive in its day. But it passes and dies unless it is graven deep in the heart by the HOLY GHOST. It is by the operation of the blessed SPIRIT that the heart of CHRIST's servants is kindled to a lifelong energy with the whole fervour of His love.

Christ is the Prophet, the Priest, and the King of His Church. In proportion as He is preached in the fulness of these offices, His Church lives and flourishes, the Church which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all. When the testimony to His work is defective and faltering, then come the seasons of retrogression, barrenness, and despondency. But it is those pathetic periods of ebb and emptiness that lay bare the deepest and most constant desires of the human spirit. They make for a return to the Cross.



SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.

About eight years ago a Korean girl was taken into a Christian Girls' School in Seoul. After attending the school awhile, she went home during one of the vacations.

The mother then sold her as a slave and the teacher in the school found her running the streets, following the closely covered chair of her mistress.

Soon she was taken ill, and her owner finding the investment unprofitable was ready to sell her again to the school for the amount spent in medicines. For several years she was comparatively well and made good progress in her studies. She became a Christian and led a beautiful quiet life before her companions.

About a year ago she was taken ill with hip-joint disease. She was moved to the Children's Ward in the Hospital. Here for over nine months, through the cold of winter, the bloom of spring, and the heat of summer, she was confined to her bed, unable to move without help, and always in great pain. When we began to talk of building a new church and opened the subscription list, she too, was interested and wanted to do something. But what could she do? She could not sweep rooms, or run errands like the other girls, she could not even sit up. But on her back her willing hands plied the needle, and bookmarks and thimbles, beautifully embroidered, came forth from the sick-room. They were sold, and the money received carefully consecrated to the new church. The weary day dragged slowly on, but the thin hands were not idle, unless the body was in too great pain to stand the work. On the 9th of September we laid the corner-stone of the church. The girls in the school were invited to attend, a tent having been put up for them to protect them from the gaze of the men. The patient industrious little sufferer would come too. The strong arms of "carrier" bore her cot carefully and placed it in very front where she could see and hear. She was worthy of a front place, for by her zeal and devotion she contributed our 12,000 cash, or the full pay of a grown person for a month. When the service was over, exhausted by the excitement of the occasion, and by the pain incident to the moving, she closed her weary eyes and said to one of the teachers, "Now let me go to Jesus." She was carried back to the ward, faithful nurses attended her from day to day, but she was looking forward to that "house not made with hands." Feeling a little stronger one day, she called for the few things that belonged to her personally, and then remembered each of her school-mates with a book or a picture-card. Martha, who bestowed a mother's care and love upon the suffering patient received the scissors, the thimble, and rings, to Mary was given the beautiful New Testament sent from America by her patron, and to another loved friend, the small roll from which the silk was wound to do the embroidery. Her teachers, her schoolmates, her friends were all remembered with a kind wish. On September 21st the sweet spirit went to Jesus. At the funeral, two days later, there was not a dry eye among her friends and playmates. A slave girl! One of the king's daughters! "She hath done what she could."

THE EARLIEST TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Here is the earliest known temperance society. On Jan. 18, 1517, a man named Sigismund de Dietrichstein formed the order of St. Christopher in Germany; and on December 26, 1600, the landgrave of Hesse formed the first so-called Order of Temperance. The members of the first order were pledged to abstain from toad-drinking, and the others were pledged not to drink more than seven glasses of liquor at a time, and that not more than twice a day!

"On the Cross the Atonement was finished. Some misguided people believe that we repeat in the Communion the sacrifice of Calvary. We do not repeat the sacrifice of the Cross, but we plead it—a very different thing. Nothing can add to the Atonement, nothing can take away from it. There is banked up now a great reservoir of forgiveness for the sins of the world. All we have to do is by faith to reach the reservoir, and let the cleansing stream wash our souls. It is impossible for anyone to be so weak that the grace of God cannot make him strong, and the life of grace is the life of power."

THE PATIENCE OF JOB.

Let Patience have her perfect work,
And thus be crowned

As Job was found

When he was tried by foes that lurk.

The patriarch had lost his all

(But she who curst

His trouble worst),

And in the ashes sat appalled,

His body, worn with weary pain

And anguished mind.

Thus he repined:

"May daylight ne'er come back again.

But as those friends in solemn state

That he was dead

Announced their dread

In secret sin, which God hate,

In righteousness innocence he cried

Against the shame

They sought to blame,

And all their sophistries denied.

At length "the End" was seen, and he

Exonerated quite

By Him who is the Light

Was shown in splendid purity,

As one still loved amid the flame,

Refining fire,

His true desire

To Him, who bears Sweet Merc'y name.

Thus even may the tried and sad

Behold in Job's distress

Their own unhappiness,

And hope in that fair "End" to be as glad,

And picture of that tender love,

So pitiful and kind,

Each broken heart to bind,

That they may raise their hearts above,

And still believe that He knows best

These state most fit and true

For those who sit to view,

And learn the wisdom of His Rest.

REV. C. E. STANLEY THOMAS,
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